

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE FUNDS AT FIFTY-SEVEN.

ROGER KYFFIN'S WARD.

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER I.—A PANIC IN THE CITY.

LONDON was in commotion. On a certain afternoon in the early part of the year 1797, vast numbers of persons of all ranks of society, wealthy merchants, sober shopkeepers, eager barristers, country squires, men of pleasure, dandies, and beaus, and many others of even more doubtful position, might have been seen hurrying up through lanes and alleys towards

the chief centre of British commerce—the Bank of England, that mighty heart, in and out of which the golden stream flows to and fro along its numberless arteries. Numerous carriages also, some with coronets on their panels, and powdered footmen behind, rolled up from Cheapside. Among their occupants were ministers of state, foreign ambassadors, earls and barons of the realm, members of parliament, wealthy country gentlemen, and other persons of distinction. While in not a few were widows and spinster ladies, dowager duchesses and maids of honour, and other

dames with money in the funds. On the countenances of the larger portion of the moving throng might be traced a word of uncomfortable import—"Panic."

It was an eventful period. Seldom during that or the present century have English patriots had greater cause for anxiety. Never, certainly, from the day of the explosion of the South Sea Bubble up to that period, had the mercantile atmosphere been more agitated. The larger portion of the motley crowd turned on one side to the Bank of England, where the ladies, descending from their carriages, pressed eagerly forward amidst the people on foot, one behind the other, to reach the counters. Another portion entered the Royal Exchange, while a considerable number of the carriages proceeded along Cornhill.

The appearance of the surrounding edifices was, however, different from that of the present day. The old Mansion House was there, and the new Bank of England had been erected, but all else has been altered. The then existing Royal Exchange was greatly inferior to the fine structure at present to be seen between the Mansion House and the Bank. It stood in a confined space, surrounded by tall blocks of buildings dark and dingy, though not altogether unpicturesque. Whatever were its defects, it served its purpose, and would have been serving it still, probably, had it not been burnt down.

Numerous excited groups of men now filled the greater part of the interior area; some were bending eagerly forward, either more forcibly to express an opinion, or to hear what was said by the speaker on the opposite side of the circle. Others were whispering into their neighbours' ears, with hands lifted up, listening attentively to the remarks bestowed upon them, while others were hurrying to and fro gathering the opinion of their acquaintances, and then quickly again putting it forth as their own, or hastening away to act on the information they had received.

"Terrible news! The country will be ruined to a certainty! The French will be here within a week! Fearful disaster! The fleet has mutinied! The army will follow their example! Ireland is in open rebellion! The bank is drained of specie! Failures in every direction! THE FUNDS AT FIFTY-SEVEN!"

Such were some of the remarks flying about, and which formed the subject matter of the addresses delivered by the various speakers. Many persons then collected were sober-minded citizens, merchants of good repute, trading with the West Indian Sugar Islands, Africa, the Colonies of North America, or the Baltic, East India directors, or others, whose transactions compelled them to assemble, for the negotiation of their bills on 'change.

A considerable number, however, of those who came into the city from the West End did not stop at the Exchange, but continued their course a short distance farther, along Cornhill, where turning on one side they found themselves in the precincts of Change Alley. An old writer describes that region: "The limits are easily surrounded in a minute and a half. Step out of Jonathan's into the alley, turn your face due east, move on a few paces to Garraway's. From thence go out at the other door, and go on still east, into Birchin Lane, and then halting at the Sword-blade bank, and facing the north, you will enter Cornhill, and visit two or three petty provinces there to the west, and thus having boxed your compass, and sailed round the stock-jobbing globe, you turn into Jonathan's again."

In Jonathan's well-known coffee-house, and in its immediate neighbourhood, was assembled a large number of persons, varying in rank and appearance far more than those who were inside the Exchange. To this point the coroneted carriages had been directing their course. The occupants of some had got out and entered the coffee-house. Others remained with their brokers at the door, eager to gain certain intelligence, which was to raise or depress the market. Here too were to be seen persons in Eastern costume, and others in English dress, both however with the unmistakable features of the Jew. There were courtiers, and gentlemen from the fashionable parts of the metropolis, in silk stockings and diamond-buckled shoes, with powdered wigs, frilled shirts, and swords by their sides, or quakers in broad-brimmed hats and garments of sombre hue, such as were worn by our puritan ancestors of the previous century. Here too were portly citizens with gold-headed canes and well-brushed beavers, their countenances anxious, but honest and straightforward, though many other persons were there, some in shabby-genteel costume, others in threadbare and almost ragged coats, and again, many whose sharp eager eyes and pale features showed that they had been long accustomed to the transactions of the place. The two great parties in the State might in most cases have been distinguished by the difference of their costume. The Tories, the supporters of the war, determined foes of the men then in power in France, generally retained the gay and handsome costume of their fathers, while the Whigs and Jacobinical party affected a republican simplicity, and dressed in straight-cut coats and low-crowned hats, which had been introduced in France.

We shall have to return to Jonathan's by-and-by, and will in the meantime go back to the Royal Exchange. Among those who were making their way towards it from the lanes which led up from the banks of the river was a person not unworthy of notice. He was a man past the meridian of life, of tall and commanding figure. The leather-like skin of his colourless face, though free from spot or blemish, was slightly wrinkled, and his somewhat massive features wore a calm and unmoved expression, which might have surprised those who could have defined the feelings agitating his bosom. No wonder that his mind was troubled. Those were anxious times for men engaged even in very limited transactions. Stephen Coppinger's were extensive and complex. There was scarcely a pie baked in those days in which he had not a finger. He walked at a dignified pace, with a smile on his lips, and his bright eyes calm, though watchful. His dark-coloured suit of fine cloth with brass buttons was carefully brushed, a small quantity of powder only shaken on his hair, which was fastened behind in a long queue, resting on his collar. The folds of his white neck-cloth, and the frill of fine lace which appeared beneath his waistcoat, were scrupulously clean and well arranged. Silk stockings with knee breeches, and shoes with steel buttons, encased his legs and feet. In his hand he carried a thick gold-headed walking stick, though scarcely requiring it to support his steps, while a plain cocked hat, and a spencer, for the weather was cold, completed his costume. His step was firm, his head erect, as he walked along with a dignified air, bowing to one acquaintance, nodding to another, and returning with condescension the salutations of his inferiors. He observed many other persons pro-

ceeding in the same direction, several of whom he knew, the countenances of not a few wearing that expression of anxiety which he took care his own should not exhibit. Several of them did not notice him, as, lost in thought, with their heads cast down, they picked their way over the uneven pavement.

Stephen Coppinger had scarcely reached his accustomed "walk" in the Exchange, when his acquaintance, Alderman Bycroft, bustled up to him.

"Well, friend Coppinger, you look as calm as if nothing had happened," exclaimed the alderman; "have you not heard the news?"

"Which news?" asked the merchant in a quiet voice, without the slightest change of countenance; "so many reports are flying about that I believe none of them."

"You could not have heard the news, or you would not look so abominably unconcerned," exclaimed the alderman, who was a somewhat fussy excitable gentleman. "Why, the news is positively fearful! A mutiny has broken out on board the channel fleet at Spithead! They have murdered Lord Bridport and most of their officers, and threatened, if they have not everything their own way, to carry the ships over to the French. The enemy's fleets are mustering in great force, and may be across the Channel, for what we can tell, at this moment. The Irish are in rebellion, and are certain to join them and cut all our throats."

"Terrible, if true," answered Mr. Coppinger with a smile, which he could afford to bestow on his excitable friend; "but I think, my dear alderman, I can correct you. The crews of the Channel fleet have undoubtedly refused to proceed to sea unless their very reasonable demands are agreed to, and I know for certain that they have treated the admiral and their officers with every respect. They will, I have no fear therefore, when their petition is granted, return to their duty. If the French come we will give them a warm reception. In the meantime, however, I acknowledge we are likely to suffer by having our merchantmen exposed to the depredations of the enemy's ships, and this is about the worst danger I apprehend."

"You take things too calmly, my friend," exclaimed the alderman. "Suppose the fleet refuses to obey orders, what are we to do? There's the question. I am of opinion that we should call out the train-bands, the volunteers, and the militia, and man every vessel in the Thames, and sail down and capture the mutineers."

"I suspect, my friend, that your proposed flotilla would very soon be sent to the right-about, if not to the bottom. It would be wiser to inquire into the complaints of the seamen, and to redress their grievances. Their pay was small enough at first during Charles the Second's reign, and since then all necessary articles of subsistence have advanced fully fifty per cent., and all the men require is, that their wages may be proportionably increased. They ask also that the naval pensions may be augmented, as have those of Chelsea, to £13 a year. The Greenwich pensions still remain at £7. They also beg that while in harbour they may have more liberty to go on shore, and that when seamen are wounded they may receive their pay till cured or discharged. Their other requests are really as moderate, and though I, for one, would never countenance mutiny, from my heart I believe that their demands are just."

"Can't see that," answered the alderman. "In

my opinion the country is going to rack and ruin. What are we to do without gold? Then we are to have more loans. We have already lent Prussia, Sardinia, and the Emperor of Austria some seven or eight millions, and are now going to make a further loan to Portugal, and for all I know to the contrary we shall soon be subsidising all the rest of Europe."

"If this war with France is to continue, I, for my part, shall be glad if we have so many friends on our side," observed Mr. Coppinger, whose great object at the moment was to tranquillise the minds of his City friends. "We are not likely to pay money away without getting something for it."

"Not so sure of that," replied the alderman; "John Bull is apt to throw his cash away with his eyes shut, and that is what we have been doing for some time past. Had Lord Malmesbury been successful in his negotiation for peace, things might have been different, but what can be worse with consols down to fifty-seven, a fearful run on the Bank of England, and now a suspension of payment in specie altogether, with this dangerous mutiny of the fleet as a climax! Then look at Ireland—half the country in a state of rebellion; the people shrieking out for the assistance of the French, and cutting each other's throats in the meantime. Then these Jacobin clubs in London and throughout all our large towns, doing their utmost to bring about a republic in England. If they could imitate the French and cut off our king's head, they would do it. And as to the army, I am not certain that we can put confidence in it. Ah! my dear sir, the sun of England's glory has set; that is my opinion. I may be wrong—I hope so—but that is my opinion."

"You take too gloomy a view of the state of affairs, alderman," said Mr. Coppinger. "Things are very bad, I'll own, but they may improve. Lord Duncan's late victory should give us confidence. The fate of the French who landed in Pembrokeshire the other day, shows that even though our enemies may set foot on our shores, they may not gain much by their impudence. No fear about our army, that is staunch, and the navy will soon return to its duty, and then Old England will be well able to hold her own against all her enemies."

Stephen Coppinger was anxious to get rid of the alderman without rudeness, and that worthy finding he could not frighten his friend, soon bustled off to communicate his alarm to some more excitable listener.

The merchant, however, was very far from feeling the tranquillity he exhibited. He well knew the desperate state of affairs, but at the same time it was important that the public mind should be tranquillised. He had also several bills to negotiate and other business to transact, which required his own mind to be peculiarly calm and collected. Many other persons addressed him, most of them as agitated as Alderman Bycroft. He had to get rid of them one after the other, and having despatched his own business, maintaining his usual composed manner, he quitted the Exchange.

He proceeded along Cornhill to the narrow passage which led into Change Alley, and with deliberate steps entered Jonathan's. Every room in that once celebrated coffee-house was full. Some persons were transacting private business in the smaller rooms, while in the larger, stood eager groups of brokers and dealers, with their books in their hands, noting the various transactions in which they were engaged.

The news flying about had caused the funds to fall yet lower than on the previous day, and brokers were hurrying to and fro, receiving orders from their various constituents, some to buy, others to sell forthwith. Stephen Coppinger gave certain directions to his broker in a subdued tone. It was even with greater difficulty than in the morning that he could command his voice, then bowing to his acquaintance as he passed, he took his way back to Idol Lane.

He preserved his calm and dignified air, during his walk to his counting-house. Passing through the public office to his private room, he closed the door, and throwing himself back into his arm-chair, pressed his hands on his brow for some minutes, lost in thought. At length turning round towards his large black writing table and referring to some letters and other papers, he seized a pen which he mechanically mended, almost in so doing cutting through his thumb nail, and made some rapid calculations. They were not apparently satisfactory. He rang sharply a hand-bell by his side. Scarcely had the silvery sounds died away when the heavy door of the oak panelled room slowly opened, and a clerk, with a ponderous volume under his arm, entered. He was dressed as became the managing clerk of a large establishment, with great neatness and precision, his hair being carefully powdered, though his side curls were somewhat smaller than those of his employer. His complexion was clear, with a good colour on his cheeks, which betokened sound health, while his countenance wore a peculiarly calm expression, calculated to gain the confidence of those with whom he had dealings. Roger Kyffin was highly esteemed by his principal as well as by all his subordinates. His word was, in truth, as good as Stephen Coppinger's bond. What Roger Kyffin said Stephen Coppinger would do, was done. On the day and hour Roger Kyffin promised that cash should be paid, it was paid without fail. Stephen Coppinger had no partner. He scorned to throw responsibility on an unknown company, while, with only one exception, to no other breast than his own would he confide the secrets of his transactions. That exception was the breast of Roger Kyffin. Roger Kyffin placed the open folio before his principal, and produced a paper with the remarks he had made respecting certain entries.

"Bad!" observed Stephen Coppinger, as he ran his eye over the book and paper; "but see, these letters bring worse news. The 'Belmont Castle' has been taken by the enemy. The 'Tiger' has foundered during a hurricane in the West Indies. Jacks Tarbett and Simmons have failed; their debt is a large one. Hunter and Dove's affairs are in an unsatisfactory condition. I don't like Joseph Hudson's proceedings in Change Alley; he yesterday begged that I would renew his bill. In truth, Roger Kyffin, unless matters improve" A groan escaped from Stephen Coppinger's bosom.

"The amount you require must be raised," observed Roger Kyffin, taking half a turn across the room. Leave that to me. You have so often aided friends in need, that I anticipate no difficulty in obtaining help."

"It will be from no want of exertion on your part if you fail," said Stephen Coppinger, brightening up slightly.

"Keep up your spirits, sir," said Roger Kyffin. "The credit of your firm will not suffer, depend on that. I will now set out and see what can be done.

I hope to bring satisfactory intelligence before evening."

Saying this, Roger Kyffin left the room, carefully closing the door behind him. While putting on his spencer and hat, he intimated to his principal subordinate, Mr. Silas Sleece, that he should probably be absent for some hours. Mr. Sleece glanced after him with a pair of meaningless eyes, set in an immovable countenance, and saying, "Oh, very well," went on with his work.

More respecting Mr. Silas Sleece and his doings may possibly be mentioned.

A YARN TO THE "WARSPITES."

JACK BUSTER and I made up our minds to try and go to sea, for it was no use any longer hanging about the streets in idleness and rags, and we didn't wish to steal, and we couldn't get any work.

The gentlemen of the "Marine Society's Training Ship Warspite" were sitting round a table in Bishopsgate Street when we were called in to be examined. Other boys were there too, of different sizes, and some of them pretty well clothed. Jack Buster is younger than me, not thirteen years old, and so they examined him first. Then we put off our dirty old rags, which were very soon burned, and we had a jolly warm bath, and my long shaggy hair was cut shorter, and a sailor boy's uniform, spick and span new, I assure you, was given to each of us, and I scarcely knew Jack and he scarce knew me in our altered looks, I warrant you.

So about a dozen of us were passed, and we went by the Woolwich steamer till we got to the "Warspite" lying off Charlton pier. She's a brave-looking craft, and was once a three-decker, and had sailed over oceans many a thousand miles. For years and years—for more than a hundred years—a training ship like her has been kept by the Marine Society, and thus they have taught and trained about 60,000 sailor boys to bring you goods in peace and to defend your shores in war.

There were 200 boys on deck when we came aboard the "Warspite." Some were drilling, others at cutlass exercise, others mending sails, others skylarking aloft in the rigging. Of course Jack and I were very awkward at first, and the others chaffed us, but we didn't mind the jokes of good-humour. Soon there was a whistle and all the boys ran down to tea, and after grace was said they sat at tables swung from above, and then it was "clear away," and a harmonium was beautifully played. Oh! such a pretty hymn!

Another batchful of the boys now came on board. They had been ashore to get vaccinated, and the captain had gone with them and he was vaccinated too, just to show them it was all right! They told me and Jack Buster we also might get vaccinated if we behaved ourselves, and so we mean to be really good boys. But another reason for it is that I want to be a sailor in Her Majesty's Fleet and to go round the world and do my duty. Last year alone there were 167 boys from the "Warspite" who became real blue jackets in the Royal Navy, and besides, I might one day rise to be an officer like one of them who was made Commander.

Some lads who came in the boat that last arrived were "on leave" from various vessels, after long

voyages, and they had come now to pay a visit to their old ship, and to have the honour of shaking hands with the captain. One of these was a "teetotaler," for there are some hundreds of "Warspite" boys who "took the pledge" when aboard of her, and many have kept it ever since, and some have saved lots of money from their wages.

Next we had to go into the captain's cabin to get our names enrolled. He is a tall gentleman, the captain, and I was afraid of him, he speaks so sharp. But very soon we found he was kind and pleasant, and people, you know, must speak smartly aboard ship, else the wind and the waves would drown their voices. In his cabin were some beautiful texts from the Bible, and on one day every week the captain has a Bible class, which many boys attend, not because they are forced to, but because they like it. The boys don't sleep in four-post beds on board ship, but each has a hammock swung by two ends from the beams overhead. It is a kind of long net bag, and you have to look sharp when you get in at one side or you are sure to tumble out at the other.

The cooking is all done at a "galley," a great iron fireplace, with boilers, and some boys are bakers, and some are cooks. One of these was a nigger-boy with such a woolly pate and smiling goggle eyes! He is quite a favourite on board, for nobody, surely, would be so churlish as to ill-treat a poor fellow because he has a black skin. Not far from the galley is the "sick bay," where two lads were being kindly cared for while they were ill. Ah! it's a good thing to have a nice gentle lady on board your ship who will speak pleasant things to those that are in pain, and now that my own mother is no more, it makes me think of her to see the kind wife of my captain. When I was thinking all about this, a boatswain's whistle piped very shrill and loud, and all the boys ran into the school-room and sat in regular rows, and some visitors sat near a desk, and when the captain told us that a friend of sailor boys was going to "spin us a yarn," a gentleman rose, whom some called "Rob Roy," and this was what he said:—

"Not long ago I was alone in a little boat upon the shore of the Red Sea, and I meant to sail across about twelve miles of its shining water to visit the palm-trees by 'Moses' Well,' the very place where the Israelites came to in beginning their forty years' journey from Egypt. On the map I could see the place marked well enough, but the map could not tell me the way by the water—the shoals to avoid, the currents to meet, and the rocks to shun. A little piece of paper was in my boat which was just the thing now wanted. The lines and marks on it I had looked at before, but they didn't seem interesting until now. This paper was a chart of the very water that I had now to sail over, so the moment I made up my mind to go to the distant shore, this chart became intensely interesting and absolutely necessary. All the marks and words and figures on it that were so dull to look at before were now most eagerly studied as the only way to ensure a safe voyage. And just so in the sea of life, every one of you lads who sets his heart upon getting safely over to the happy shore of heaven will find that the words of the Bible (which is the 'Life chart' of men) become all of a sudden full of meaning, full of warning, and encouragement, and instruction, and interest. Well, I hoisted my little blue sail (it was blue to give less

glare from the sun, and to be less seen by the Arab robbers on the shore). I was quite happy, because now I could trace my proper course on the chart, and I knew if I could only go 'south-east by east' it would be perfectly right. But stay, how was I to know which way was 'south-east,' or any other direction with sufficient accuracy? For this very purpose I had also brought with me a curious little box, which I now took out of my pocket, and opened, and laid carefully on the deck. Inside of it there was a pretty card and a tiny delicate needle poised on a fine point, and the needle kept swinging, trembling, swaying to and fro, but somehow it always settled at last to point straight to a particular part of the sky. Why it did this I cannot tell, and nobody else can tell; but all we know is that the little needle never made a mistake if it was properly prepared and then left perfectly free to point. Of course you all guess what this curious instrument was—a mariner's compass.

"Haven't you feelings in your mind that point like the compass-needle and tell you, if you listen to what they say, 'That is the right way,' or 'That is the wrong way'? We call these feelings 'conscience,' and we know that God who made the compass-needle to point right to the sky has also made and placed in each of us a compass for the mind, which will tell us truly if we have it rightly prepared and tenderly kept, and the name of this thought-guide is our 'conscience.' My lads, take good care of your soul's compass. Don't treat it roughly; don't let it get clogged and rusty; don't force it to point the wrong way.

"Away we went then, merrily sailing o'er the glad sea! Queer-looking boats and vessels were around us; clumsy craft with the red Arab flag, French ships with the tricolour, and British with the dear old Union Jack, so why shouldn't I hoist my own colours? Of course I had them up in a moment, and I fired off a royal salute of—one pistol.

"Never be ashamed, my boys, of your 'colours' as Christian sailors. Truth, love, and faith, these be the beauteous marks on the good boy's flag. It's only a fool who laughs at them; it's only a coward who is afraid. While my boat is now scudding along, with curling waves around, and the flying fish glittering in the sun, and the hungry sharks are gaping below, let me tell you what I saw on your own ship's deck, the 'Warspite,' before we all came down to this cabin. It was a splendid Newfoundland dog, so sleek, so black, so glossy, and so quiet and sensible in the look of his noble face. Once that dog's father was in a shipwreck, and when the vessel in the breakers had no hope left, a man gave the dog a rope and pointed to the shore. Brave dog, he dashed in and breasted the furious surf, and landed the rope, and so all the crew were saved. Some day some of you will have an opportunity to risk yourselves for the safety of other people. Happy the boy who has saved another's life; he wins a medal to wear on his jacket, but he has a reward within his breast that is better than any medal, the gratitude of man and the blessing of God."

A SAILOR BOY'S LOG.

THE following lines were written by one of the boys trained in the "Warspite," and now serving on board H.M.S. "Trafalgar" in the Mediterranean. They are

rough, but plain and self-made verses, and express the experience and spirit of many a sailor boy.

'Twas in the spring of sixty-eight
I first thought of a sailor's state,
The time I do remember well,
As this my story's meant to tell.
My father I proposed to meet
At the corner of Stamford Street,
A muddy walk without much fun,
From which my sailor life begun.

To the office we made our way
Of the Marine Society;
Whilst waiting there the captain kind
Gave us a tract about the blind;
To us at last an old man came,
Who from a book read out my name,
And I was to the doctor sent,
Who was with my health content.

After that I had a bath to take,
And my way to the barber make,
Who so short did cut my crop,
'Twas exactly like a convict's top.
They gave me then two suits of blues,
Hammock lashings, and sets of clews,
Then from my father had to part,
As I had for the ship to start.

We then were put on board the boat,
Which took us to our home afloat;
And there a man by name of Duff
(Whose treatment was by no means rough)
Explained to us the ship's routine,
To wash our clothes, and keep them clean;
Then supper, a little bread and tea,
Was the first meal I had at sea.

But the ship's name I have left out,
You've heard of her, I have no doubt;
The "Warspite" good men do maintain,
Mostly for homeless boys to train.
When five full months had gone at last,
The Navy doctor I then passed;
To join the Navy was my aim,
A life of glory and of fame.

Old Duff brought me the news one day,
That I had passed—hooray! hooray!
And in five days my father came
To my papers to sign his name;
Then, in another week or so,
To the "Hebe" I had to go.
And after five weeks I was sent
To the gunnery ship, the "Excellent."

Then, again, for a week or so,
To the "St. Vincent" had to go,
And then it was my fate to be
In the "Trafalgar" sent to sea,
Where I'm as happy as a king,
Or a sea bird upon the wing.

THE MOON.

BY W. B. BIRT, F.R.A.S.

I.—GENERAL VIEW OF SURFACE.

THERE is scarcely a more pleasing occupation with the telescope, when the weather is fine and mild, the sky clear, and the stillness of evening approaching, than to direct it upon the moon. Our illustration presents an excellent picture of the full moon as seen with the telescope, (page 441,) from a drawing, the original being one of De La Rue's photograms, in the possession of Messrs. R. and J. Beck. The most striking characteristic is that of the great diversity of light and shade, which is not so strong when seen in the telescope, the contrast being much greater on the photogram than on the moon's surface. There is

nevertheless this advantage—the darker portions, or the so-called seas, are more distinctly visible, thus contributing to render a description of them more intelligible than if they were fainter.

In order to assist the reader in recognising the various spots, the accompanying map has been prepared. It is a reduction from the new edition of Beer and Mädler's large map, with several additions by the writer. The parallels of latitude (straight lines across the map) and the meridians (curved lines crossing them) are thirty degrees apart, and will assist in determining approximately the latitudes and the longitudes of the spots, the vertical line from S. to N. being the *first* meridian, from which all longitudes are reckoned. The line from W. to E. is the equator, latitudes being north and south of it.

The localities of the *Maria*, or seas, as they have been termed, are easily recognisable on the map by the comparative freedom from craters and mountains. The agreement of the picture with the map is easily seen. On the left hand the reader will notice a group of dark portions consisting of the seas of *Crises* (A), of *Tranquillity* (G), of *Fertility* (E), and of *Serenity* (C). The three last-named communicate with each other, and on the north the *Mare Serenitatis* (C) communicates with the *Lake of Sleep* (X). The large dark portion near the lower part of the picture, of an elliptical form, is the *Sea of Showers*, or the *Mare Imbrium* (Q). The large dark space on the right hand is the *Ocean of Storms* (N), above which is the *Sea of Clouds* (I), and also the *Mare Humorum*, or *Sea of Moisture* (K).

Two large bright spots on the picture cannot fail to arrest the reader's attention; the one near the upper part is the most remarkable on the moon; from it issue *rays* which spread in nearly every direction. One is seen passing into the dark *Mare Nubium* (I); it is apparent shortly after the spot *Tycho* (67), from which it issues, comes into sunlight, and from an attentive contemplation of it at the telescope, while newly illuminated, it is seen to form one side of a valley, a corresponding ray or streak forming the other. This valley, which is about fifty miles wide, extends from *Tycho* to *Bullialdus* (83), which is not very distinct in the photogram. Some of the rays from *Tycho* are found at an early stage of illumination—before the peculiar appearance which they present at full moon is observed—to consist of much broken ground.

When the sun is fully risen upon *Tycho* it is certainly the most magnificent object in the southern part of the moon. A basin, or rather a shallow saucer, of fifty-four miles in diameter, with a mountainous rim rising to the height of 16,600 feet above the interior, presents the appearance of a somewhat deep cup brightly illuminated with a central mountain 5,000 feet high. This appearance, so different from the reality, arises from the manner in which we view the object, first from a great distance; second, in consequence of the comparatively high latitude of *Tycho*, it is seen *foreshortened*, so that we look over its northern rim; and third, the bright illumination of the interior terraces, combined with the height of the rim, gives us the impression of depth. The diameter expressed in feet measures 285,120, and a simple calculation will show that the depth is about one-seventeenth of the diameter. Take a cheese-plate, say of six inches and three-eighths across, fill up the interior until its surface is just three-eighths of an inch below a line from rim to rim, place at or near the centre a little cone an eighth of an inch high,

and make a few slight ridges all round on the edge of the plate to represent the terraces extending about one-third of the diameter inwards, and you have a model of Tycho as it really exists. The measurements are given on the authority of Mädler, the greatest selenographer of the present century. It has been said that this object is "a most perfect specimen of a lunar volcano." From what we have just stated it is clear that the saucer-shaped depression enclosed by the rim cannot be the volcanic opening or vent. That Tycho is of volcanic origin does not admit of question. It has been formed by volcanic agency. The central mountain we should be disposed to regard as containing the true vent. We are not destitute of examples of minute openings on isolated mountains.

The second of the bright spots to which allusion has been made is in the midst of the dark space on the right hand. It has in the picture a few rays spreading from it. When seen on the moon the surface around it is much lighter than indicated in the picture; it is, however, best seen when the sun is rising upon it. This spot has been named *Copernicus* (109). Before describing the grand and magnificent spectacle of sunrise on Copernicus it may be well to notice the difference of aspect presented by the moon's surface according as it is newly illuminated or has been exposed to the uninterrupted influence of sunshine during a period of seven terrestrial days. This difference is most strikingly brought out by viewing the same objects under the morning and midday illuminations.

II.—SKETCHES OF SCENERY.

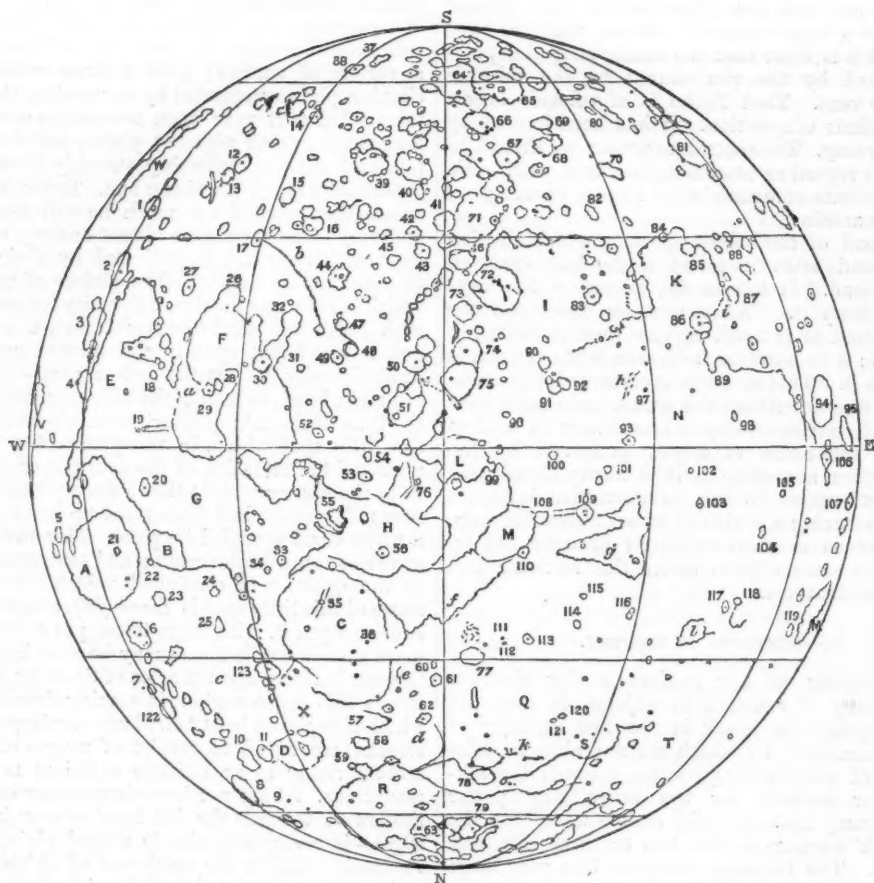
In presenting to our readers a few sketches of the scenery of remarkable objects, it may not be inappropriate to speak in the first instance of the "instrument" by which we are able to take a journey of some 236,000 miles towards the surface of our satellite, for the magnifying power of an ordinary telescope will enable us to see the surface as if we were within two or three thousand miles of it. The telescope need not be a very large one; an object-glass of two or three inches in diameter, provided it be good, will give us a most interesting image of the moon; and to those of our readers who possess such an instrument we would say, by no means direct it on the first occasion to the full moon, for the aspect is so exceedingly different from that which it presents at other times, that much disappointment would doubtless arise. It is fresh in our remembrance that when showing a friend the moon at an advanced phase, "Is this the moon?" he said; "why, I see nothing but clouds and bubbles!"—a very graphic description of a first view by an uneducated eye. None of the wonderful beauties of the landscape scenery that are so striking to the beholder can either be recognised or appreciated under such circumstances. It is only after a careful training of the eye that the peculiarities of the full moon can be truly apprehended. If, however, a fair acquaintance were made previously with all the leading features, the examination of the full moon would be attended with much interest. It is when the moon is from five to ten days old that the finest views are obtained. By fixing the attention night after night on the line which separates the enlightened from the unenlightened hemisphere—the "terminator," as it is technically called

—feature after feature of the most varied characters will be found presenting themselves, the most striking being the irregularity and ruggedness of the boundary between light and darkness, and especially the little lucid points or dots shining in the dark or night side, some at a considerable distance from the enlightened portion, indicating their great elevation as summits of mountains just catching the sun's rays. On the enlightened portion the beholder will soon discover a variety of surface: here a large smooth, nearly circular, plain surrounded by mountains, there mountains piled as it were upon mountains, casting their long shadows over adjacent plains, and among them pits and cavities, reflecting strongly from their interiors the rays of the rising sun. Towards the lower or northern part of the moon he will see a smooth and very extensive region almost entirely surrounded by mountains, some, as indicated by their shadows, of considerable height. The surface of this region, which is known as the Sea of Serenity (c), is variegated with light and shade (not shadow), a few pits or craters are found upon it, and streaks and spots of light diversify it. On the eastern part—i.e., towards the right hand, as seen in the telescope, and not far, at the time of the first quarter, from the terminator—is the little spot which, in the years 1866 and 1867, attracted the attention of the astronomers of Europe from the announcement that a deep pit of more than four miles across had been filled up and nothing but a white cloud occupied its place. This announcement gave rise to much observation and controversy relative to the question of continued volcanic action. The name of this little spot is *Linné* (36), and shortly after sunrise upon it, with large telescopes a small pit not more than one mile across may be seen in it. While the sun is rising upon the Sea of Serenity, or in other words this large region is coming into sunlight—which occupies at least two of our evenings—the light streaks are found to consist of ranges of low hills, seldom rising to an altitude sufficient to be called mountains. At the north-western corner of the sea—the lowest towards the left hand as seen in the telescope—is a very remarkable ringed plain, known as *Posidonius* (123), to the south-east of which is another white spot about the size of *Linné* (both may be seen with telescopes having object-glasses of two or three inches in diameter). This spot is unlike *Linné*, for it appears as a white cloud hovering over a mountain, which is plainly seen shortly after sunrise upon it, and with object-glasses of seven and ten inches in diameter a little pit similar to that in *Linné* is also seen, but only for a short time, the white cloud soon making its appearance.

The Sea of Serenity—which, by the way, does not exhibit any of the features that we might suppose to be characteristic of a collection of water seen from so great a distance, except the smooth boundary between light and darkness on the terminator—is by no means the only object of the kind on the moon. Every one is familiar with the appearance of the full moon to the unassisted eye. In the eyes, nose, and mouth, which, in the days of our childhood, we were apt to recognise in the moon's face, we have the grey plains, as they have been called, distributed over the disk. They are all clearly distinguishable without a telescope, and I have no doubt most of my readers have noticed on the upper part of the moon, towards the right hand, a well-defined oval dark spot not far from the edge. This spot presents an interesting appearance in a small telescope, but instead of being

MAP OF THE MOON.

BY W. R. BIRT, F.R.A.S.



(Reduced from Beer and Mädler's Large Map, the Latest Edition, with Additions.)

REFERENCES.

The Maria, or Grey Plains.

- A The Mare Crisium.
 B The Palus Somnii.
 C The Mare Serenitatis.
 D The Lacus Mortis.
 E The Mare Fœcunditatis.
 F The Mare Nectaris.
 G The Mare Tranquillitatis.

- H The Mare Vaporum.
 I The Mare Nubium.
 K The Mare Humorum.
 L The Sinus Medii.
 M The Sinus Aestuum.
 N The Oceanus Procellarum.
 Q The Mare Imbrium.

- R The Mare Frigoris.
 S The Sinus Iridum.
 T The Sinus Roris.
 V The Mare Smythii.
 W The Mare Australe.
 X The Lacus Somniorum.

Mountain Ranges.

- a The Pyrenees.
 b The Altai Mountains.
 c Mount Taurus.

- d The Alps.
 e The Caucasus.
 f The Apennines.

- g The Carpathians.
 h The Rhipæan Mountains.
 i*The Percy Mountains.

- k*The Teneriffe Mountains.
 l*The Harbingers.
 m The Hercynians.

Named Objects, Craters, etc.

- 1 Furnerius.
 2 Petavius.
 3 Vendelinus.
 4 Langrenus.
 5 Condorcet.
 6 Cleomedes.
 7 Geminus.

- 8 Endymion.
 9*Warren De La Rue
 10 Atlas.
 11 Hercules.
 12 Fabricius.
 13 Metius.
 14 Vlacq.

- 15 Riccius.
 16 Zagut.
 17 Piccolomini.
 18 Goclenius.
 19 Messier.
 20 Taruntius.
 21 Picard.

- 22 Proclus.
 23 Macrobius.
 24 Maraldi.
 25 Römer.
 26 Fracastorius.
 27 Santbech.
 28 Isidorus.

- 29 Capella.
 30 Theophilus.
 31 Cyrillus.
 32 Catharina.
 33 Plinius.
 34*Dawes.
 35 Bessel.

TELESCOPIC FACE OF THE FULL MOON.

*Named Objects, Craters, etc.—Continued.*

36 Linné.	54 Godin.	72 Thebit.	90 Guericke.	107 Olbers.
37 Manzinus.	55 Julius Caesar.	73 Arzachel.	91 Parry.	108 Stadius.
38 Mutus.	56 Manilius.	74 Alphonsus.	92 Bonpland.	109 Copernicus.
39 Maurolycus.	57* Alexander.	75 Ptolemaeus.	93 Landsberg.	110 Eratosthenes.
40 Stöfler.	58 Eudoxus.	76 Triesnecker.	94 Grimaldi.	111 } *Beer and Mädler.
41 Walter.	59 Aristoteles.	77 Archimedes.	95 Riccioli.	112 }
42 Aliacensis.	60 Autolycus.	78 Plato.	96 Lalande.	113 Timocharis.
43 Werner.	61 Aristillus.	79* Birmingham.	97 Euclides.	114 Lambert.
44 Sacrobosco.	62* Cassini.	80 Schiller.	98 Flamsteed.	115 Pytheas.
45 Apianus.	63* Bond.	81 Schickard.	99 Schröter.	116 Euler.
46 Purbach.	64 Terra Photographica.	82 Capuanus.	100 Gambart.	117 Aristarchus.
47 Almanon.	65 Clavius.	83 Bullialdus.	101 Reinhold.	118 Herodotus.
48 Abulfeda.	66 Maginus.	84 Vitello.	102 Encke.	119* Otto Struve.
49 Descartes.	67 Tycho.	85 Doppelmayer.	103 Kepler.	120 Helicon.
50 Albategnius.	68 Wilhelm I.	86 Cassendi.	104 Marius.	121 Le Verrier.
51 Hipparchus.	69 Longomontanus.	87 Mersenius.	105 Reiner.	122 Messala.
52 Delambre.	70 Hainzel.	88 Vieta.	106 Hevel.	123 Posidonius.
53 Agrippa.	71 Hell.	89 Letronne.		

*. * Objects in the vicinity of the limbs have not been inserted, on account of the excessive foreshortening, the scale being too small for the purpose. The names marked (*) have been added since 1862.

seen at the upper right hand part of the disk, it must be looked for on the lower left hand part, just below the equator, the telescope inverting the objects, *i.e.*, we see them upside down. As the Sea of Serenity is diversified with spots, streaks, and pits, or craters, so also is this oval spot, known as the Sea of Crises—a curious name, which it has retained for more than two hundred years, having been called the *Mare Crisium* (A) by the astronomer Riccioli, who devised the lunar nomenclature now in use. This so-called sea has upon it three tolerably sized craters, the largest of which is known as *Picard* (21). To the west of this crater the writer observed every month for a space of two or three years, from 1860 to 1862, a large white cloudy-looking spot larger than *Picard*. It afterwards became smaller, and at length was but seldom seen, the most remarkable circumstance being the discovery of two very small craterlets, or pits, where the cloud had been formerly noticed.

These and similar instances of the recognition of objects not previously recorded, have led to the belief that changes are still taking place on the moon's surface. To collect the necessary evidence is, however, not an easy matter. If the little spot *Linné* has become celebrated on account of the agitation of the question which it has produced, another spot much larger, in the proportion of four to sixty, is likely to become quite as celebrated from the phenomena which it has presented during the last two years. To describe the appearances which have been noticed is far beyond the scope of the present article, nevertheless it may be interesting to indicate the locality of the spot. When the moon is about nine days old, the Sea of Serenity (c) can be well recognised as a large grey plain crossed by a white streak, and situated on the left hand of the upright line which passes through the middle of the disk. On the right hand the terminator crosses another and a larger plain known as the Sea of Showers, or the *Mare Imbrium* (q), and towards the lower part of the moon a dusky tract of irregular breadth is seen running amongst brighter regions. It is called the Sea of Cold, or the *Mare Frigoris* (r). Between the Sea of Showers and the Sea of Cold an interesting strip of high land occurs, the widest portion of which, on the east of the Sea of Serenity, is very mountainous, and has been denominated the *Alps* (d). At or near the narrowest part of the high land, between the Seas of Showers and Cold, is an oval spot of a dark steel-grey colour, surrounded by mountains rising to the height of 4,000 feet. The western portion of the ring has three tall needle-like peaks, shooting up 3,000 feet above its summit; the eastern portion has a single rock rising to the height of 5,000 feet above the ring. As the sun rises on the western wall the shadows of its three peaks on the floor produce an exceedingly interesting spectacle, which is quite visible in a small telescope; but it requires one with an object-glass of more than six inches in diameter to detect the little craterlets, the still smaller bright white spots, and the streaks and delicate markings which diversify the surface of a plain of sixty miles in diameter, and which have been most assiduously watched during the last two years by several observers. This plain, with its encircling mountains as a lucid ring, cannot fail to be easily seen in the locality, and bears the name of *Plato* (78).

The nearer any objects are to the terminator the more distinctly are they defined, and if at the time the air be calm and translucent, the observer cannot

fail to be struck with their beauty and grandeur. On removing his attention from the neighbourhood of the terminator and carrying his eye westward, he will soon be conscious of a difference in the appearance of objects at some distance from the terminator. The sharpness and distinctness which characterises objects on which the sun is newly risen belongs not to them: a kind of mistiness seems to envelop them; dark spaces of more or less extent and intensity are intermingled with lighter regions; spots glowing with light, as if strongly heated, occupy prominent positions; and streaks of light, varying considerably from a soft and delicate lucidity to a well-marked brilliancy, give to the picture an indescribable beauty, which, to be fully appreciated, must be seen. Still farther from the terminator, the mingling of the lighter and darker portions, and the peculiar accompanying mistiness, increase. Seen under different angles of illumination, large regions are more or less intimately blended, and the contrast between the distinctness near the terminator and the remarkable "clouded" appearance in the neighbourhood of 90° from it is great: objects readily seen at sunrise are no longer recognisable, a change has crept over the scene, and it is most interesting and delightful, night after night, to trace the successive steps of this change, as crater walls with deep interiors give place to mere lucid lines inclosing slightly darker spaces, these again disappearing and leaving not a trace of the lately conspicuous walls, the once deep crater appearing as if overspread by a uniform covering as the sun rises higher above its horizon and attains its culminating point. As the moon passes the full, the light falls in another direction, the altitude of the sun declines, the lost form of the crater begins to reappear, shadows are apparent, the evening terminator approaches, once more the true form of the crater is seen, its interior fills with shadow, the light falls so obliquely that even inconsiderable elevations are distinctly apparent, and at length all objects become indiscriminately mingled as night sets in and darkness renders the landscape invisible.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

BY THE EDITOR.

XVIII.—CINCINNATI.

HISTORY AND STATISTICS—A PUBLIC MEETING—AMERICAN NATIONAL AND PARTY POLITICS.

To a traveller going westward, Cincinnati may appear a half-grown, half-settled, recent city, but coming back upon it as I did from Chicago, it has a staid, compact, and almost venerable look. Smoke has helped to impart this aspect of premature antiquity. It is one of the smokiest and "Auld Reekie"-like cities in America. The brick-built streets have a sombre appearance in the older districts. The main part of the city is in a hollow, surrounded by a cordon of heights, except on the side of the Ohio. The river is crossed by a splendid bridge,* connecting the city with Covington and Newport in Kentucky. Above the steep incline of the river channel stretches a flat plateau, which gradually rises to a second plateau, or older river bank, beyond which the ascent is rapid towards Mount Auburn, Mount Adams, Spring Grove, and

* The architect, John Roebling, was also the engineer of the Niagara Suspension Bridge.

other ridges, crowned with beautiful suburban houses and villas. From these heights we look down upon the densely-occupied and smoke-enveloped streets of the business part of the town.

Cincinnati was long the great commercial emporium of the West, next to New Orleans the largest city beyond the Alleghanies. Forty years ago, when Chicago was beginning its existence, Cincinnati had its court-house, jail, college, medical school, museum, public library, five classical schools, forty-seven common schools, and twenty-five churches, and was a place of great trade and extensive manufactures. It was about that time Mrs. Trollope gave her amusing account of the city in her book on the "Domestic Manners of the Americans."

The town was first laid out in 1789, on the site of Fort Washington, a frontier outpost occupied for defence against the Indians, just as Fort Dearborn had been on the site of the great Illinois city. The first church was built in 1792, the first newspaper published in 1793. The population was only 500 in 1795, besides the troops in garrison. In 1819 it was first made a city, the census of the next year showing nearly 10,000 inhabitants. In 1830 it had risen to near 25,000; in 1840, 46,000; in 1850, 115,000; and in 1870 the number was 218,900. It now stands eighth on the list of cities in number of people. (See *ante*, p. 72.) There would not be the same interest to a reader in seeing detailed statistics of Cincinnati as in the newer city of Chicago. It will suffice for comparison with the 25-churched city of 1831 to say that there are now about 120 churches, the Roman Catholics alone having 25 churches or stations. The other denominations most largely represented are Methodist Episcopal, 20; Presbyterian, 18, including two United Presbyterian and three Presbyterian Reformed; Baptist, 10; Congregational, or Independent, 4; German Evangelical and Reformed, 7; Lutheran, 3; German Episcopal Methodist, 3. The Moravians, or United Brethren, have 3 churches, the Friends 2 meeting-houses, the Jews 5 synagogues, while the Unitarians, Universalists, and various sects of divers names and opinions have about a dozen places of worship among them.

The number of newspapers and periodicals is also a fair test of an American city, and there are in Cincinnati 8 daily papers, 40 weekly, 2 semi-monthly, and 18 monthly publications. The "Cincinnati Commercial," the "Cincinnati Gazette," the "Cincinnati Inquirer," and "Cincinnati Times," have all large circulations, and most of the journals are conducted with ability and respectability.

The schools and educational institutions of Cincinnati have long been noted. There are many charitable and benevolent societies, and the people may be justly proud of their new infirmary, which in its whole arrangements and management is equal to the best and newest of European hospitals. But I must not stay to describe places, passing on to communicate my own first impressions.

I consider Cincinnati at the present time one of the most "representative" and fairly average of the great cities of the States. It is equally removed from the condition of the older cities of the East and the South, and of the newer cities of the West, such as Chicago or San Francisco. Boston and Philadelphia, Charleston and New Orleans, date from old British times, and, with republican institutions, retain the continuity of social life and historical tradition from before the War of Independence.

Cincinnati has sprung up since American nationality began, but has existed long enough to acquire all the distinctive features of American life and character, both social and political. The foreign or immigrant element, both Irish and Continental, in its population is large, and influences the affairs of the city in the same ways, and much in the same proportion, as throughout the Union. The difficulties which American statesmen have to encounter, in political and social life, from diversities of nationality and of religion, here present themselves in a marked manner. Observing this, I saw that in Cincinnati I could study the present position and future prospects of the American republic better than in most other cities, and therefore prolonged my stay beyond the proportion of time required for mere sight-seeing; in which, indeed, there is not much to attract the traveller.

I found the city in political excitement, the electioneering campaign having begun. The Republican party prevails in Ohio; but various causes had conduced to secure the Democrats a majority in some districts. A meeting was advertised to be held in Mozart Hall to hear addresses from the Hon. Job Stevenson and Aaron F. Perry, Republican candidates for Congress, a meeting of the opposite party having been held in the same hall a few evenings before. Eight o'clock was the time. For about an hour previously a splendid band occupied an outside balcony, discoursing lively music to the vast crowd assembled in the street. On approaching I was not a little astonished to hear the familiar and, to British ears, the spirit-stirring strains of "God save the Queen." But before I had time to speculate on the cause of this loyal outburst, the notes were gradually growing feebler, while the confused undertone of another melody struck in, growing in clearness and strength, till "Yankee Doodle" triumphed over the National Anthem. Presently the revolutionary strains in their turn died away, and with a prelude of irregular notes like gun-shots, the strains of "Rule Britannia" swelled forth. But again the grand old melody died away before the increasing sound of "Hail Columbia," which closed the piece, amidst tumultuous cheering and clapping of hands. Similar musical effects used to be heard in M. Julien's monster concerts; but this was an interesting illustration of American national feeling.

Shortly before the hour of meeting the band took its place in the orchestra, and entertained the audience, which by this time filled the hall. Exactly as the clock struck, a secretary came alone on the stage, paper in hand, and read a brief programme of the proceedings, asking if the meeting approved of the same. With a shout of "agreed" and applause, approval was signified, and the secretary, retiring, ushered in the chairman and the speakers, attended by their committee. This orderly commencement of the meeting was characteristic of the proceedings throughout. The body of the hall was densely crowded, and many foreigners and coloured men were among the audience. There were no reserved seats, working men, storekeepers, and aristocrats sitting together. There were a few women among the spectators in the amphitheatre stalls, or gallery.

The chairman, the Hon. Benjamin Eggleston, spoke only a few sentences, acknowledging the honour of being called to preside, and giving pithy reasons for belonging to the Republican party, "the

party of freedom and the party of progress." He then introduced Job E. Stevenson as one "who was going to whip Sam Cary (the Democrat candidate) out of his boots."

Amid cheers and rounds of applause Mr. Stevenson advanced. A brief notice of some points of his speech will exhibit the existing state of American politics, and the chief subjects which divide public opinion, since the conquest of the South by the North and the suppression of the slaveholders' influence.

The first part of the speech referred in tones of congratulation to the fact that "Reconstruction" was finished, and that the amendments of the Constitution, especially the giving equality of political rights to every citizen, were accepted by patriotic men of all parties, in the South as well as the North. If only lawless and violent men would cease from the spilling of Union blood (referring to the Ku-Klux assassinations), a general amnesty might be proclaimed, and the whole republic would be not only united and free, but happy in all its borders.

Although no attempt to interfere with "Reconstruction" arrangements would succeed, it is to be expected that much discontent and ill-feeling will remain for a time in the South. It will not be easy for the planters to meet coloured men on footing of political equality, far less to submit with patience to the domination of their former slaves. But this humiliation they have brought upon themselves.

Next came the subject of Finance. The desire to diminish the national debt led to pressure of taxation, but it was only temporary, and the object was worth the inconvenience and self-denial.

The most difficult part of the speech was in touching on the "high Tariff." The speaker was cautious in avoiding advocacy of "protection" to native industry, though that has certainly been an incidental result of the policy of the Government since the war. In the great agricultural districts of the West it is a hard thing that the produce of the soil cannot be exchanged for British imports, but that the farmers have to pay immense prices for the inferior manufactures of New England and the Eastern States. The Democrats are gaining largely in influence by this feeling of antagonism to the Government in their high-tariff system. In fact, this is the greatest danger to be feared by the Republican party in coming years, a division of interest between East and West, as before between North and South. For a liberal party to oppose free trade and advocate protection would be strange, and therefore it was put to the electors of Cincinnati as a question of patriotism, the reduction of the national debt being the point aimed at. "I myself," said Mr. Stevenson, "would have preferred some other arrangements, but you have to take things sometimes as you can get them, and if you get enough you should be satisfied. So we have made this reduction, and that is the state of finance—the receipts increasing, the debt decreasing, the expenses decreasing, the account running well both ways. Taxation reduced, people ought to be satisfied. Hereafter it will be our task to remodel laws laying taxes on the people, and so to reform them as, so far as possible, to equalise the burdens of taxation between different localities and different classes; and, if it so be that we cannot equalise, then let the heavier burdens fall on those better able to bear them, remembering this, that the Republican party never has, never will, and never can, knowingly, either establish, foster, or maintain any

monopoly, either domestic or foreign. In seventeen months since Ulysses S. Grant 'the Silent' sat down in the Presidential chair, his administration has paid of the public debt one hundred and seventy-five millions. And at this rate, which is over one hundred millions a year, the debt would be paid, according to my calculations, abating the interest as you pay, in about fifteen years. The interest alone upon what has been already paid, now amounts to ten millions a year in gold saved perpetually until the debt is obliterated. We are all anxious to see the debt paid, and I hope to live to see it, and I know my young Democratic friends, many of them, will live to see it. If you let the present taxes alone they would pay it in fifteen years. You may ask me why then we reduce these taxes; why do we not let them alone. I say that we have preserved this Union at countless cost of blood and treasure, not only for ourselves, but for our children and our children's children's children's children to the last generation of time, and we do not propose to bear all the burden. We propose to fund the greater part of the debt and let it go over for twenty or thirty years, and let the rich and prosperous and glorious republic of that day pay it and not feel it. In thirty years the people of this republic will probably number one hundred millions. Cannot they afford to pay a part of that debt? It seems so to me, for when there are one hundred millions of people they will have one hundred billions of money. Therefore, we have reduced the taxes, and I, for one, humble as I am, would not willingly release the part I have taken in that work. We have reduced the burden of the people's taxes eighty millions per annum, and yet we shall have a surplus, and we can pay twenty or thirty millions per year and support the Government."

After discussing the question of land grants and subsidies to railroads, for the abuses of which both parties, Democrat and Republic, had equally the responsibility, and the Homestead Law, which required amelioration, Mr. Stevenson spoke in defence of President Grant, especially in regard to his foreign policy.

"It is very fashionable to denounce Grant as a failure because he does not say anything. We are such a talking people that when we approach a public man, if he does not get up and spout at us, we think he is a failure. The silent men win these days. How was it across the water? They say Grant talks 'horse,' and that sort of talk. Well, I am told that the Chief of Staff of Prussia (Moltke) is silent. They say that he is silent in seven languages, but he speaks loudly in the language of gunpowder. When the campaign was about opening, after that theatrical exhibition at Saarbrücken where the French Prince was baptized in fire, as Moltke was walking the town with brow depressed, considering, no doubt, that grand strategy which has struck the world with amazement, a busybody—perhaps some Yankee—approached him, determined to have something out of him any how, and so he said, 'How are matters coming on, general?' 'Well,' said the general, 'my cabbages are doing very well, but my potatoes want rain.' No doubt that man thought he was a failure; didn't know anything because he wouldn't tell it. The point was, he knew too much about it. Now, that is something like General Grant's manner. But if you want to know whether there is a man in his clothes, go to him and try to do something he does not want you to do—try

to keep an office he is determined to put you out of; try to get an office when he is determined you shan't; try to turn him from his conscience and his judgment, and you will find there is a man in his clothes who is enough for you, whoever you are.

"Now what is his foreign policy? What is it? It is just no policy at all, and that is just what we want in foreign affairs. Almighty God, when he made the world and set apart America for this free people, put the oceans around her to keep the world away. And it never was wise for us to entangle our destinies in the web of foreign affairs. Let it alone, and let them let us alone. We will affect them; we will govern them very much without their will—and, it may be, without their knowledge; but it will be by our example, and by the attraction of our matchless institutions and our unexampled prosperity.

"We govern them now more than they know of. As the sun governs the snow on the mountain millions of miles away, so the light and glow of our free institutions governs and melts the crowns and thrones and imperial dynasties of the Old World.

"So let us govern them. I know some hunger and thirst after Cuba—and Cuba will be ours some day; but then if we get her, we must not first dabble her with blood or stain her with wrong. She will come to us finally by force of attraction, and when she comes she will come freely, and we will receive her righteously; and if we would be blessed in Cuba, or have Cuba blessed in us, we should righteously make the union between us. Wrong cannot prosper."

The Alabama claims having been referred to, the speaker gave his opinion regarding the sympathy for France, which led at that time many to desire interference in her behalf.

"But what now shall we do? Rush in to save the shattered armies of France? Suppose we would, is not Prussia there? And how shall we meet that power?"

"But, does anybody want us to help Prussia? Prussia does not need our assistance just now, I think, and there is no need for us to entangle our affairs with those. Let us not, in our sympathy for nominal republican institutions, or for real republican institutions anywhere, forget first principles, and one first principle is, that when a war be righteously commenced, it may be righteously prosecuted to a righteous peace, and a righteous peace may well include 'indemnity for the past and security for the future.' And if the victor on the fields of Europe was right in defending his country against invasion, he is right in fighting on until he gets just terms of peace. But they tell us he recognises his God as the source of his power, and, therefore, we should have put him down. I am not so sure. I do most heartily deny that any ruler rules by any right except that given by the people; and yet I had much rather see a man who believes himself such by the grace of God than see one on the throne who believes and knows himself to rule by the machinations of the devil. So much for foreign affairs. They are foreign. Thank God they are not ours, and let us keep out of them."

Other points of public policy being discussed, the speech closed with reference to local or non-partisan questions: "I want to present to the people of Cincinnati some material considerations for them to reflect upon. Cincinnati is peculiarly situated as to communication. Some wonder why she does not grow more rapidly. Let such go down to the wharf

at the foot of Main Street, and look out to the front and to the right and to the left, and reflect on the condition of that country, and they will understand. What does Cincinnati want? She wants a free river from Pittsburg to the Gulf. What else does she want? She wants a broad high railway leading down from Cincinnati to Chattanooga. And what else does she want? She wants an outlet by water to Norfolk. Give her those three lines and she will plume her wings anew and soar into regions of prosperity far beyond her rivals. With them she wants a perfected system of port of entry, by which her goods may come from foreign countries without delay in New York or elsewhere. Now the country is safe, and the Democratic party is safe too; one safe on the road to prosperity and glory, unexampled in the past, unrivalled in the history of the world, and the other is on the broad downward road."

Mr. Aaron Perry's address also went over the various points dividing the two parties, with a peroration appealing to the patriotic feeling of the audience, who were proud of Ohio and its great city: "Let us advance! Casting our eyes to the surrounding hills, we find them, from hill to hill throughout the entire circle, adorned with institutions of learning, like jewels in the diadem of our valley Queen. They speak of the future. Tracing the rich valleys which concentrate here, we see them obviously destined to become the seat of a vast population. They speak of the future. Looking abroad upon our noble State, to its history, its influence, its capacity, they suggest a future of incomparable happiness. Yet among all there is nothing so bright and glorious as the untroubled peace, the rooted liberty, which fill our whole twenty degrees of latitude and extend from sea to sea."

At the close of Mr. Perry's speech the "meeting adjourned, with three cheers and a tiger for the ticket," the tiger being a strange compound of shout and howl.

I have given some space to my recollection of this meeting, both because it gives opportunity of referring to some of the chief questions of American political controversy, and because of the impression made by the meeting itself. The same orderly and intelligent conduct marks political life throughout the Northern States, out of New York. There may be strong hostility and even violent antagonism, but the opponents speak and act from personal conviction, and as influenced by appeals to their reason and interest through the platform or the press. There is nothing of the hired ruffianism of our English electioneering mobs, when besotted and ignorant "lambs" fight for the mere colours of the candidate whose agent has hired them. In nothing is the superiority of the American over the English "lower orders" more evident than in the conduct of their political elections.

Since the settlement of the slavery question, and the reconstruction of the Union, there is no national problem more important than the management of the vast and increasing foreign population. If the emigrants were fewer, or if they all came from Protestant lands, there would be no difficulty. In earlier times all foreigners, even the Irish papists, were absorbed and assimilated, their children going to the common schools, and growing up intelligent and orderly members of the community. But latterly the number of these emigrants has so increased, that not in New York alone, but in all the larger cities,

they are forming separate organisations, both under political and religious leaders, and causing much trouble and anxiety. The German element is also large and well organised, but its influence is to be considered more in relation to party questions than to those which affect the general welfare and progress of the commonwealth. Before many years another element of disturbance may be expected in the increase of Chinese emigration, interfering with wages and labour, and other social arrangements. But the most important and pressing difficulty is in connection with the system of common schools and education. In the States of New York and of Ohio this question has already vexed and disturbed the community. Although attracting less notice than the party controversies which divide Americans, this is really of deeper importance, as threatening to interfere with arrangements which affect the national welfare. All patriotic Americans, whether Republicans or Democrats, are interested in maintaining their institutions against this element of disturbance.

ROOKSTONE.

CHAPTER LXI.—THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

It was Janet's voice that Richard had heard, although he had not recognised it.

Mary's illness had been so sudden, and the women of the hotel had been so constantly in her room, that down-stairs it had scarcely been rumoured, and when Janet asked to be taken at once to her sister the garçon led the way along the bedroom gallery and knocked at the door.

Janet had waited to let Mrs. Dawson choose her rooms and left her in them, so that nearly a quarter of an hour had elapsed since Richard's departure before she reached Mary's bedchamber.

The landlady's scared face when she opened the door frightened her. The woman tried to stop her, but Janet pushed past and went up to the bedside.

"Madame is dead," said the femme de chambre, and she wrung her hands sobbing.

Mary looked death-like; the excitement had been succeeded by a sort of senseless stupor, and she lay there as pale and as ghastly as when Richard had first returned.

It was a dreadful shock for Janet, but she did not lose her presence of mind. She sent away the sobbing femme de chambre, and then, with the landlady's help, she succeeded in restoring her sister to consciousness.

Mary showed no surprise at seeing Janet, but she signed to her to send the landlady away.

"You must not speak, dearest," Janet whispered, "or I shall have to go too."

There was silence for a while, but a tranquil look had come over the younger sister's face.

"Janet," she whispered, "I shall not get better till I have spoken."

There was such a wistful pleading in her eyes that tears sprang into Janet's; she bent down to listen.

"Janet, I have been very weak and wicked; but it is not only that, it is about Richard I want to speak. I cannot tell you all, but he is quite changed. Since my first baby died he has never smiled, he is so strange—so unhappy; it seems to me that he has some dreadful secret; or is it that he has left off

loving me? Tell me what I must do, Janet, or I shall die—I cannot go on living like this."

"Hush, dearest, or you will be still more ill." And then she did not know how to answer. Mary's words brought terrible confirmation of her own suspicions of Richard; but how could she breathe them to his wife?

"Have you prayed for Richard?" she said, gently. Mary shook her head.

"I dare not," she said, sadly; "besides, Janet, do you think it would be any use?—the prayers of such as I am now could not be heard. Pray for me, you Janet, and pray for Richard too; God will hear you, for you have not forsaken him."

Tears ran down her pale face. Janet was alarmed at this agitation, but her sister's imploring eyes constrained her to obey.

She knelt down beside the bed and prayed aloud fervently for both her sister and her husband.

Richard had not been able to find the doctor; he was sent from one place to another, and finally was obliged to be content with a promise that Monsieur Bouchard should visit his wife as soon as he came home.

"I will go back to Mary," he thought; "if she is not better I must try and find some one else, although this seems the only man of any skill here."

He opened his wife's door very gently; Janet was kneeling by the bed, and he heard her words.

His heart swelled strangely, and tears sprang in his eyes, but he dashed them away and closed the door again.

Janet beside Mary at last; well, it mattered little now; though he could neither face Janet nor speak to her. It was a relief to feel that Mary was in safe hands—that the responsibility of watching over her no longer rested on him.

The look of her pale, sad face was more than he could bear. He paced up and down the gallery; he took neither rest nor food; but he could not bring himself to re-enter his wife's room.

Mary was growing weaker.

At last in the afternoon Dr. Bouchard came. He looked a quiet, sensible man, and Janet felt more hopeful when she saw him.

Not for long; he looked at Mary, felt her pulse, asked a few questions, and beckoned Janet to follow him to the door.

"Is that the lady's husband I met on the stairs?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, then, it is necessary he should be told; you must tell him, mademoiselle, that there is no hope of saving his wife, she is dying; I can do nothing."

The doctor hurried away after he had promised, at Janet's earnest request, to come again in the evening, and then she was left to obey his orders.

Her own sorrow was as nothing before the agony she was bid to inflict. For a moment it seemed to Janet as if she could not carry this news to Mary's husband.

While she stood at the open door hesitatingly he appeared again at the end of the gallery.

She went quickly up to him. She never knew how she forced herself to the task, but in another instant she was holding Richard's unwilling hand between both hers, and repeating to him as tenderly and gently as she could the doctor's words.

He broke away from her before she had ended, and when in an agony of terror she followed him, he was standing beside Mary's bed.

Whether he had agitated his wife by his vehemence,

or whether her increasing weakness had tended to this result, could not be known, but Mary sighed deeply, and then sank into so profound an insensibility that no efforts could revive her.

Richard flung himself down on the sofa in a paroxysm of remorse.

"I have killed her—both her and her children, for it is their loss that has broken her heart."

Janet tried to soothe and quiet him, but he turned his face away. Presently he burst forth again.

"She is taken away from me to punish me; how could such a wretch make her happy?"

And then came dead silence—the silence of suppressed agony, almost as terrible as that other silence which Janet trembled to think was even now changing into death.

Some few times she tried to moisten Mary's lips; in vain, she was dead to any power of movement.

As the sunlight faded a chilled dreariness filled the silent room. The hours passed on; Richard lay motionless on the sofa. Janet stole across the room to kindle a light. The movement roused Richard. He came up to her and grasped her arm.

"You, at least, are happy; you have no self-reproach," he said; "Janet, if ever she awakens again I will tell you all you want to know. What value do I set on anything if I lose her?"

He left the room abruptly. His words had been so strange and sudden that Janet scarcely realised them. She had a dim consciousness of some great cause for thankfulness, but her heart was too full of deep anxiety for her young sister to comprehend fully what it was that Richard had said to her.

The trance continued; but for a faint pulsation she would have thought that Mary had indeed been taken away.

There was a light tap at the door and the doctor entered. This time he took far longer in examining his patient. It seemed to Janet as if her own heart stood still. He turned round sharply towards her, and at the change in his face her heart gave a bound that told how strongly hope had lingered in it.

He looked grave but no longer disturbed.

"There has been a great change since I was here," he said; "if madame awakens it will be, I hope, to live; but I do not mean to affirm positively that she will awaken; that depends on the natural strength of constitution, but I think you may hope. I will tell monsieur as I go down-stairs."

He said the last words very gently. The delicate-looking English girl—for fatigue and anxiety had robbed Janet of all her bloom—seemed to him far too inexperienced to be in charge of so serious an illness, and also of such an impracticable brother-in-law.

"Monsieur will have another patient soon," said the landlady, when the doctor came out into the gallery again. "The husband of madame has not eaten all day—he only walks always up and down."

"It is not what I should have expected of an Englishman," the doctor answered, as Madame Chuquet dutifully attended him to the entrance of the courtyard. "Englishmen keep their feelings to themselves, they never let wives or any one else know they have any feelings."

Janet heard the bedroom door open softly, but she did not look round.

A horrible dread came to her that if Mary's life should be taken Richard might fall back again into even a more hopeless state.

"But this must be a temptation," she thought.

"I am forgetting my darling mother's lessons; surely all trials come direct from our Heavenly Father, and will and must bring us nearer to him if we give ourselves entirely to his guidance," but that "if" was full of doubt and trouble.

The night wore on, sometimes kneeling beside her lifeless sister, the tears streaming hotly on her clasped hands; sometimes bending forward, straining her ears to catch the slightest change in the almost imperceptible breathing; so the early twilight found Janet when it crept in and began to make things visible in the large tawdrily-furnished room, creeping in its stealthy, steady fashion till it reached even the corners which had been so full of inky blackness. Janet's face looked pale and worn in the grey, cold light; she got up and wrapped a warmer shawl round her, for her limbs ached with cold. Then almost unconsciously her head sank on the pillow beside which she sat, and she slept.

Meanwhile Richard kept his watch. Up and down, up and down the gallery, long after every footfall had died away in the deserted streets—after even the arrivals by the night train had subsided into repose—he kept pacing up and down.

He could not have slept, even if he had sought another sleeping-room. The thought of life without Mary was the torture gnawing at his heart; a torture that made him desperate. Why had this happened? Why was all joy to be taken from his life? And then he said to himself how little of real happiness there had been in the last few weeks; and the misery had been his making—all his. He went on pacing up and down.

Suddenly came back to him, as from far-off years, the sweet gentle face of Mary's mother, on that day at Rookstone when she had asked him not to try to win her daughter's love; it came back with awful impressiveness, and with it thoughts of his own past life came, dream-like, in scattered fragments, which mingled as he tried to piece them together, in hazy undefined confusion, as the lines of a building in a dissolving view merge into the rigging and spars of a shipwrecked vessel. His own mother came in these memories; he remembered beatings from her in childhood, and then—slight as the memory was, it yet remained—a shrinking from her incoherent speech and bloated face. Then came school-life; a school where all was stern strictness and prying surveillance, where no act of himself or his comrades was free and uncontrolled, where a boy's word was not held sacred. He remembered how he had rebelled against the constant suspicion and watchfulness, and then how he had found deceit and subservience more useful than resistance. It was in this school he knew that he had learned to detest what was called religion and its dry, dull, harsh ways as presented to him; and then again memory grew clouded, and he had a confused vision of a long whitewashed room, with clusters of young heads bent over desks and slates, and texts in large bold type at intervals on the walls. One of these texts stood out clearly, and it seemed to Richard Wolferton to be branding itself on his very heart. He winced under the pain it gave. "If any man cause one of God's little ones to offend, it were better for him that a mill-stone were cast about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."

He quickened his walk up and down; the words burned deeper and deeper. He saw them, and yet they were close upon him, whispering into his ears.

THE POPULATION OF LONDON.—The Registrar-General states that according to the enumeration of April 3rd the population of London is 3,251,804, being an increase of 447,815 since 1861. The increase during the ten years above is larger than the population of most cities in the world. The area of the metropolis is 122 square miles; the average population being 2,669 to a square mile. The tendency of the inhabitants to live away from their places of business is shown by the "City Press," which states that the actual population who slept in the City on the night of the census was only 75,739. In 1861 it was 113,387. The inhabited houses numbered 9,437; in 1861 they were 13,431.

A COAL PIT ON FIRE FOR A HUNDRED YEARS.—One of the most curious phenomena in connection with coal mining is exhibited at the Bank Colliery, near Rotherham, the property of Earl Fitzwilliam. This pit caught fire one hundred years ago, and all the efforts of the workmen at the time, and subsequently, have been quite ineffectual to extinguish it. A short time ago it was ascertained that the flames were approaching the bottom of the shaft, and it was then resolved, if possible, to stay their progress, so that they might not extend to other parts of the workings. At length the superintendent of the collieries, Mr. T. Cooper, conceived the idea of building a wall to shut in the fire, and in order to ascertain the best site for this wall, several of the officials crept on their hands and knees, through the dense stifling smoke, as far as possible into the workings. Their efforts were successful, and a wall is now completed nearly 1,000 yards in length, and varying from nine inches to five feet in thickness. At distances varying from thirty to fifty yards metal pipes have been inserted in this wall, which are securely plugged at the end, so that at any time, by removing the plugs, the state of the air on the side of the fire, and even the position of the fire itself, can be ascertained. So intense is the heat arising from this fire that people possessing gardens above the colliery declare that the growth of plants is materially affected, and that they are enabled to obtain two and three crops every year.

POST-OFFICE.—The number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom in 1869 is estimated at 831,914,000, being above two and a quarter millions a day; and the number of book packets, newspapers, and pattern packets at 108,668,000, or nearly 300,000 a day. Fifteen years before—namely, in 1854—the number of letters delivered was only 443,649,301, so that the number has almost doubled in the fifteen years. The population was below twenty-eight millions in 1854, and below thirty-one millions in 1869. In 1869, 14,932 letters could not be delivered in consequence of their being posted without any direction at all; 256 of these contained money to the aggregate amount of £2,810. Upwards of three and a quarter million letters had to be sent back to their writers. Money orders were issued in 1869 for sums amounting to £19,395,635, showing an increase in England and Ireland, but a decrease in Scotland, owing to the bankers having begun to issue orders on their agents for small amounts. The total force of the Post-office in 1869, including all ranks, was 26,910 effective, and 1,871 pensioners. The gross revenue from letters, book packets, etc., was £4,472,746; from commission on money-orders, £176,480; impressed stamp on newspapers, £115,349—making a total of £4,764,575. The cost of collection and delivery, management, and money-order business was £1,636,162; of conveyance of mails, including the packet service, £1,823,065—making the total cost of the service, £3,459,227. This leaves a net revenue of £1,305,348. The annual net revenue averaged £845,264 in the five years, 1860-64; and £1,404,828 in the five years, 1865-69.

HOW THE POOR LODGE.—Under the heading "Homes in the East of London—Jews and Gentiles," the "Builder" draws a vivid picture of the state of the people inhabiting that part of East London bounded by Bishopsgate Street and Norton Folgate, Commercial Street, Whitechapel Road (Aldgate), and Houndsditch. "Inwards, between Houndsditch and Commercial Street," observes our contemporary, "there is a network of narrow intersecting streets and lanes; and these lanes are indented again, at right angles, by numerous blind courts, alleys, yards, cow-sheds, shambles, and foul waste spots. In many of the blind courts abutting and adjacent the filth we encountered was intolerable—not in shovelfuls, but in barrowfuls, scattered about. The backyards of the houses were also in

a foul condition. Coxson's Square was one dunghill, one inner arcanum of abomination. It would seem that the backyards here, wherever there are any, were literally emptied out into the middle of the square. Were it a hot summer day instead of a cold wintry one, the absence of dire illness could only be accounted for by a miracle of Providence. Brothels are plentiful near this unhallowed district. There is an important question that we would put to the authorities. How much longer are the shameful saturnalia enacted every Sunday morning in Petticoat Lane and its environs to continue? Every Sunday forenoon is disgraced by a demoralising exhibition, half market and half fair, to which congregate the riff-raff of London, and on that morning this notorious quarter is one elongated thieves'-kitchen and pickpockets' hunting-ground. Surely, in the interest of law and order, to say nothing of religious observance, this ruffianly Sunday morning's carnival ought to be suppressed. How are the poor in these wretched localities, which it is a painful province so often to describe, to be lifted up—saved for their own sake and for the national credit? We may establish soup-kitchens by the hundred, and evangelise hourly, but until we improve their homes and ventilate them by draughts of pure air—until we give them good water in abundance, and make it penal on all huxters and traders to fleece and poison them—we shall not effect a permanent reform. What is the use of sanitary inspectorships if hundreds of back streets, courts, and lanes are left for days—nay, weeks—uncleaned? A far more close surveillance and supervision are necessary to effect what is absolutely desirable. Cleanliness is a part of education, and if education is to be compulsory, so must be home and personal cleanliness as a component part of it. During the prevalence of contagious diseases, like fever and smallpox, daily inspection and cleansing are a necessity. And we cannot but think that those rag-fairs, old clothes' exchanges, and rag and bone shops are nurseries of disease. If we would raise a nation or its people, we must begin as we would in building a house—at the foundation. Houses are not built downwards."

THE PURE LITERATURE SOCIETY.—This society has the distinctive feature that it does not edit or print either books or periodicals, but it selects, recommends, and circulates periodicals and books, besides cottage pictures, school cards, texts, diagrams, maps, and broadsheets. From these, subscribers of a guinea may have a shilling parcel sent free every month, and may purchase books at reduced prices, and may recommend grants of libraries of £10 value at half-price. 2,400 libraries have been granted thus to associations, schools, village committees, hotels, workhouses, gaols, hospitals, etc., in all parts of the world; as well as to ships, which have now 600 libraries afloat. Aid and instruction is given in the formation of "periodical-selling" committees of teachers or scholars in Sunday-schools, and auxiliaries of the society with branch depôts in country towns, stalls at markets and fairs, book-hawking associations; and some thousand news-vendors' shops have been visited in seaport towns and low neighbourhoods, inducing them to put good publications in their windows by grants at first, or on the system of "sale or return." The society is recognised as a friend of all good publications and a rival to none; so that an occasional hint or remonstrance from the committee is received with attention, and the society has steadily advanced in usefulness, popularity, and influence, increasing every year.

SERVICE IN PARISH CHURCHES.—The laity had an interest in the manner in which the services were conducted in the parish church, and, in his opinion, changes ought not to be forced down their throats. He had seen a marvellous change in parish churches. When he was a boy, in the bulk of the parish churches of the country, the service was carried on with a coldness, deadness, and irreverence which would hardly have been tolerated by any other body of Christians on earth, and what was called the laity of the Church had been too well contented with that state of things. It had been by the zeal, devotion, and perseverance of the clergy that we had been delivered from that evil, and as a matter of course in the development of that energy, errors, and some of them of a very grievous character, had crept in. The clergy had many motives for consulting the laity in the ecclesiastical affairs of a parish, and he trusted that the voluntary movement in the direction of lay co-operation would accomplish all that was required, but nevertheless if a good legal system could be devised it ought to be done.—*Mr. Gladstone.*